The Half of It

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Summary

Robby's eyes widen significantly. “Abby kicked you out?” He echoes in disbelief, looking at the other man like he's grown a second head. “Frank, why didn't you tell me this? You could've come to me.”

As soon as those words leave his mouth, Trinity's brain stutters to a screeching halt.

Oh my God, she realizes, both in horror and absolute delight. *Is he fucking **jealous?***

Notes

this was originally going to be a lot longer, but i decided to end it there and leave the rest to another entry. bone app the teeth :}

Their arrangement goes like this.

Most of the time, Frank cooks. For some reason, he likes to wake up at the ass crack of dawn for his morning run, so some type of breakfast is usually prepared for whoever has to go on dayshift that day. At some point, Trinity joins him for those runs. Dennis absolutely does not, because he values his sleep and his sanity, unlike the two former athletes.

They take turns cleaning, though it takes a while to convince Frank that he doesn't have to *earn* his stay. It's almost the exact same thing that happened with Huckleberry when she first took him in, and it makes Trinity wonder what kind of people these men have been surrounded with for them to automatically assume that they had to work for the right to simply *be at home.*

Usually, the bed in Dennis and Frank's shared bedroom is occupied by only one of them, with the other being either on day or night shift or simply sleeping in Trinity's bed when *she's* on day or night shift. On the occasion that they do end up needing to sleep together, though, Trinity starts an album in her phone that's just nothing but pictures of them cuddling that she takes before they wake.

Having two cars available at all times means that one of them eventually becomes the “spare” household car. Frank's, obviously, because Trinity's not letting either of those two morons drive her baby anywhere, not even to the fucking grocery store, especially when Dennis's license is a fresh few weeks old. This comes with the added benefit of carpooling, where they all pile up in her car to go to work together rather than take the spare for no reason.

This benefit is starting to feel a lot like a curse now, though, because Frank won't fucking *clock out.*

“Swiper, I am literally begging you,” Trinity groans, possibly for the umpteenth time, as she leans on the nurse's station and watches Frank bounce on his toes and eye the case board with apt attention. “You are not pulling another double. Let's *go.”*

“But did you *see* the shit I just pulled in Trauma One? They *need* my healing hands, Trin,” he reasons excitedly, gesturing vaguely around himself at whoever “they” are. He sounds a lot like Samira when she's riding an adrenaline rush after pulling off a particularly difficult maneuver, which admittedly he's just done. “One more case then I'm done, pinkie promise. I'm saving *lives* here.”

Despite herself, she can't help but look at this stupid, thirty-something year old man that's much too grown to be this endearing and sigh. “You said that two cases ago,” she reminds him firmly, running a tired hand through her hair and giving him a deadpan look. “Get your ADHD-addled ass to the car or I'll fucking *carry* you there.”

He scoffs disbelievingly at her. “Miss ma'am, you are five-foot-five,” he retorts incredulously, clearly doubting her capabilities. Trinity raises her brows at him slowly, giving him ample time to rescind the words. When he doesn't, she gives him a *your funeral* shrug and crouches to wrap her arms around his thighs.

Frank emits a sound that's not unlike a startled bark, which turns more than a few heads towards them as he jumps away from her and starts laughing. “Oh my God, okay, okay!” He relents immediately, looking at her with wide eyes. “You can *not* be doing things like that at work, I have a *reputation* to uphold.”

“What reputation? Do you know how much I bench? I bet you weigh less than a cluster of grapes.”

Frank gives her an affronted look. “You take that back,” he says, sounding absolutely scandalized. “I am *at least* three or four clusters heavy.”

Trinity snorts. “We'll see about that when I carry you on my shoulders to fix the bathroom light bulb at home.”

“At *where?”*

Dr. Robby's voice suddenly joining the conversation does startle the shit out of her, not that she'd ever admit it, especially when Frank also jumps a good few feet off the ground as he whips to the side to look to the attending that suddenly materialized seemingly out of thin air.

“Jesus Christ, Robby,” Frank wheezes, looking at the older man with big eyes as his hand flies over his chest to clutch his heart. It's clearly only because he's caught off guard, because he immediately schools his expression and clears his throat. “I mean, Dr. Robinavitch. I didn't see you. How long have you been standing there?”

There's a flicker of something like pain in Robby's eyes at the correction, and Trinity narrows her own at him at the *audacity* to be hurt by the distance *he put* between himself and Frank. He could've visited him in rehab. He could've showed up for the welcome party. He could've apologized for the way he reacted. But he didn't, so

Trinity glares at him like he's not her boss, because he could be God himself and she'd still pick a fight with him.

Asshole broke Frank's heart and was acting like *he's* the one sad about it.

He seems to snap out of his stupor when he realizes that they're *both* watching him expectantly, waiting for an answer. “Long enough,” is what he unhelpfully provides them with, crossing his arms over his chest and looking between them. “You said something just now, *“at home.”* What does that mean?”

Trinity blinks at him very, *very* slowly, unsure whether she's imagining the tension in his tone. She exchanges a brief glance with Frank, who seems completely oblivious to what she's picking up on. “It means we're living together?” He replies, though it comes out as more of a question than anything. “We have been for a while, us and Dennis. I thought everyone here knew that by now.”

“I did not,” Robby answers almost robotically, his face going through a strange journey of emotions before landing on something that Trinity can't quite decipher. His lips are drawn into a thin line, hiding behind his beard, and his eyes are completely unreadable. “Since when has this been going on?”

Frank tilts his head as he tries to recount how long it's been, while Trinity keeps blatantly staring at Robby, the gears turning in her head. “Uh, maybe a little over a month now? Abby kicked me out after Christmas, so I'd say it's been about two months or so.”

Robby's eyes widen significantly. “Abby kicked you out?” He echoes in disbelief, looking at the other man like he's grown a second head. “Frank, why didn't you tell me this? You could've come to me.”

As soon as those words leave his mouth, Trinity's brain stutters to a screeching halt.

Oh my God, she realizes, both in horror and absolute delight. *Is he fucking* ***jealous?***

The younger man blinks at the words, and Trinity quite frankly agrees, because that's a stupid fucking thing of Robby to say. *You could've come to,* he tells him, when the last words they exchanged were about him potentially relapsing on drugs, to which *Robby* started avoiding *him* after.

“Right,” Frank says tightly, and Robby must realize how ridiculous he sounded because he awkwardly looks away, his brows furrowed seemingly in frustration. “You'll have to forgive me for not being aware of that after you started avoiding me like the plague.”

Yeah, you fuckin’ tell'em! Trinity *almost* says out loud, instead settling on biting the inside of her cheeks hard enough to draw blood to prevent herself from doing just that. “I haven't been avoiding you,” Robby tries to say, but he doesn't sound very convincing, even to his own ears. With a sigh, he runs a hand through his hair and gives Frank a sad look. “Listen, Frank, I—”

“Look, Dr. Robinavitch, it's been kind of a long shift and I was just about to clock out,” Frank interrupts, and Trinity's pretty sure she strains something in her neck from how fast she whirls around to face him. “I'm sure you're just about to start your night shift, so don't let me hold you up. We can talk later, yeah?”

And then he doesn't even wait for him to answer, just nudges Trinity slightly and starts walking. She looks between the two of them for a moment, studying Robby's distraught face. Fighting the urge to give him a shit-eating, wry grin, she instead behaves as the mature adult that she is and follows Frank out of the door.

The first thing he says when they get into the car is: “God, Heather was right. Men *are* clueless.”

Trinity *laughs,* because he doesn't even fucking know the *half* of it.

She turns on his favorite playlist on their way back, but he's already asleep before they even get halfway through the third song. The crash after the adrenaline rush catches up to him relatively quickly, and she turns the radio off entirely for the rest of the ride home.

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